

To the Reader.

This Figure, that thou here seest
Was for gentle Shakespeare cut
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-doe the life:
O, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath done
His face; the Print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in staffe.
But since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. I.